

Anthology of mirrorball



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

wrote this for myself.

so I'll thank me

summary

A rant

Dear little old me

Booze and Blues

Ghost in the grocery store

Unspoken depths

Desperate plea

Still in the process of....

Love affair

A rant

My blood has frozen, and my body has shut.
But it doesn't pain me like your words.
I miss your touch, but never your ego rush.
I remember the late nights we drowned in your starry eyes,
They remind me of the lakes, a place we could never relate.
Don't know about your days, don't know about your nights,
I sure as hell do miss the fights.
You said I gave you the ick, how could you be such a prick?

You remind me of storms and the dark nights, crying alone in my bedroom all the time.
There's nothing to fight cause you're all right.
I really tried to save this dying day,
but you stopped to care and pray.
This feels like a rant instead of a poem,
Nothing about life feels so wholesome.

Nobody knows about my dark nights I'll never let them know all our tricky fights.

Dear little old me

Dear little old me, I'm quite jealous of you
Not because you were bright and unaware,
But cause you don't happen anymore.
They say it gets better, but does it?
You must not know what anxiety is.
I think of bed rotting and ordering breakfast,
Yeah I wanna watch tv in silence,
No I don't want to go out I prefer naps in his laps now.
The only thing we share now is this annoying smile
That's the only thing that keeps me alive.
I lost your wonder, I lost your charm I surely lost all of you little girl,
but not those curls (we still hate them yes)
You'd be horrified when you listen to these thoughts,
these ridiculous ideas they call them suicidal and what not.
You remind me of my sunshine, my past and my innocence.
I'm not ready to face those adult consequence.
I'll say I miss you and I'm sorry,
Don't know if I mean it but I'll be proud of your story.
You're lost and gone, never really returning,
That makes me feel relieved cause you'll be wondering.
I'm happy you existed but that's just not me,
Wondering what my future feel about this.

Booze and Blues

Wrote several poems but tired of you being the muse,
Never forgetting the times you made me feel the blues.
Is this just a way of me coping with the side effects of the booze?
I might just be done with listening all these boos.

Ignoring my work im onto this shit,
My friends said itll help me get my grip.
Stopped listening to mitski and boygenius,
Do you know how much damage that did?

Taylor said you're on your own kid
Well, you made sure I'd relate to that, didn't you?
No amount of whining is gonna help me now,
I might just get up and stop being on my knees now.

Ghost in the grocery store

I walked into the grocery store,
Thought I saw you, but I didn't though.
"It's bad, isn't it?" I thought in my mind,
My ideas becoming vividly blind.

I went to the stationary section.
It's filled with colors and pens and drawing books,
I'm searching for graphic pens but
I am surely searching for you.

Pens are easy to find until I saw you behind
Me, you were searching for geometry box unlike me.

Nobody knows what's it like to be the stranger.
But everybody knows you're a danger.
I notice you wanna talk but oh boy it is too late now.
I'm familiar with the bolter as I reach the counter.

The lady asks me if I'm okay,
I look like I saw a ghost (sure I did)
Crazy how you became my cruel summer.
No way once you were the warmth in my winter.

I know you never thought I'd run
But sometimes running away is the best thing you can do,
Not knowing what the right thing is rigorous.
Running away is always undemanding unlike you.

I might be false I hope I am as you used to say,
But I always chose myself at the end
As I leave the grocery store
I did get my graphic pens..

Unspoken depths

Was never good at the beginnings
Neither at the endings.
Was I really ever enough?
Or do we just blame the distance?

I don't understand why you still haven't called
Was it that hard not to recall?
Did you ever truly care?
To be honest, im actually aware

Never really thought we would end up here now
I hate this place even more, its hard to breathe
And move on.
Ive been holding my breath since he is gone.

Theres no point in keeping the hope
My heart has decided to shut the hell up
no more youre too young to be feeling like this
I will never grow up if you don't let me live

Don't know what to say anymore
Is this coming off too rude?
If it is I hope you rot
I hope its shitty and hot
And thankyou for fucking up my perfect plot

Maybe life will go on and it will get better
Hope I cringe at this letter.

Desperate plea

Weary and sleepy mind
Always wandering through the darkest cobwebs
Who's ever going to fix me
definitely not my dreary mindset

struggling in working hours
grieving the absence of power
trying to enjoy the so called "everything shower"
however its weird to miss the excellence tower.

I miss the days filled with yellow warmth
Wet hair, crop top and non stop thoughts
Is it normal? Is it valid? Is my mind too solid?
Too late now my reputation is tarnished.

It doesn't end with good endings every time.
I've been charged guilty of my crime.
Not everything has to rhyme.
My perfectionism isn't at its prime.

I try to fit somewhere these days,
Knowing I don't belong anywhere.
The cage is open, but there is no tree to go.
Sky is the limit they say
But what if I wanna be caged all day?

Sun is what all I need
But what if he makes me bleed
Drained with this unfathomable greed
Lord, please save me or else I will feed.

This is my desperate plea.
To anybody who is listening.

Still in the process of....

Still in the process of loving a body that carries my weight every night and every morning.

Still in the process of loving a body that keeps me alive yet doesn't stop me from mourning.

Still in the process of learning that her love handles aren't but a grip for a man to drink out of her like it's a morning tea.

Still in the process of learning that it is less about him and more about me.

Still in the process of breathing through the suffocation of a skirt, that chokes her waist and ends at her knee.

Still in the process of learning that more of her, does not make me any less of me.

Still in the process of processing her existence.

Still in the process of love and acceptance.

Still in the process of loving her.

Still in the process of being her.

Love affair

How do you bloom if you're covered in rain?
I feel like an antique rock, yet to break.
Will they find some thousand-year-old creature inside me?
I think not; I'm better off being thrown away.

Drunk on my own tears,
It's getting harder to breathe.
Every day feels like a love affair
Where my lover always flees.
Late in the night, the city's asleep,
I'm mourning the loss of my time.
The table is filled with dust;
Who cares anymore?
The barks drive me to despair.
Is it valid to cry over petty things?